To Elizabeth Pease Nichol.

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22 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury,
London, (W.C.) July 28, 1867.

My dear Friend:

Whatever else may feel the effects of age, and go halting along, it is very evident that time does not. Its flight is as rapid now as at any preceived since its birth: indeed, the older it gets, certainly the older I grow, it seems to increase in vigor of wing and celerity of speed. Is it possible that a fortnight has elapsed since we passed a pleasant Sunday with you at Huntly Lodge? The fact is undeniable; and yet, though many incidents have been crowded into that space, it seems scarcely credible. Far better this than to have the days pass wearily on, in consequence of a life of inanition, or of restless longings for something yet unattained, and perhaps forever unattainable. I trust this day is as pleasant with you as it is with us; for the morning sun is shining brightly, and the atmosphere remarkably clear for London. Had we all eagles' wings, we should instantly be off for Edinburgh, and soon giving you a warm grasp of the hand.

I believe we have already apprised you that, in consequence of the prolonged dismal, wet weather, we had to forego our intended trip through the Highlands; yet I was glad that Fanny and Frank were able to see something of the beautiful Clyde, and also to take a wide survey of mountainous elevations (including Ben Lomond) from the commanding residence of our hospitable friend, A. F. Stoddard, Esq., at Broadfield, eighteen miles below Glasgow. We left for London on Wednesday morning, arriving at our old quarters soon after 10 o'clock, P. M., the rain falling more or less heavily nearly the whole distance. I regretted to be obliged to pass through Carlisle without passing a little time with our beloved friends the Wighams. We had some very charming views by the way, especially toward the region of the lakes, with its lofty elevations. A continuous ride of four hundred miles, however, proved somewhat wearisome. I caught cold, during my sojourn in Glasgow, and have since had hoarseness and a sore throat, but am now getting somewhat relieved.

We have scarcely seen any one since our return, excepting Mr. Chesson, Mrs. Thompson, (Mr. Thompson is at Leeds,) and Sarah Remond, as we have purposely "kept in the quiet," very few knowing that we are once more in London.

We came from Glasgow, thinking we should be off for Paris on Monday, (to-morrow,) on our way to Switzerland; but we received a letter from Mr. Villard, stating that he would be with us in London on Monday evening, and advising my remaining in England until the time for holding the Anti-Slavery Conference in Paris; and then going to Switzerland, the Rhine, &c. We shall decide upon nothing until he comes. I am exceedingly perplexed to know what to do. Appeals have been made to me to visit Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, &c.; and on the 3d of September I am wanted at a great gathering at the Crystal Palace in behalf of the Temperance cause, express trains coming from every part of the kingdom. As it is now quite certain that, even if I remain till October, Fanny will not be able to accompany me home, owing to the

uncertainty of her husband's movements and the serious illness of his father, I strongly feel (such will be the disappointment of my wife at H's not coming) as if I ought to return home on the 1st of September, according to my original intention when I left Boston. But shall be duly apprised of my final decision.

Dear Miss Estlin came all the way from Bristol on Thursday to see us before our departure for the continent, thinking it would be her only opportunity. She has since kindly given us nearly all her time, and we are having a very pleasant commingling of thought and feeling. She will return home to-morrow. Yesterday afternoon she went with me to Richmond to see the Laggels, Chapmans, &c., but none were at home except Mrs. L., the rest being in Paris. This forenoon we have been to hear William H. Channing preach in Kensington.

Enclosed is a photograph of Fanny, taken at Glasgow. It is tolerably good. She and Frank send their affectionate regards to you.

Faithfully yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.